

## THEY DID HIM

They played him for a chump. They legally hornswoggled him. They pulled the wool over his eyes and tweaked his nose. They bought the ground from under his feet. They gave him the tarred end of the stick. They made a monkey of him. That's what those steel trust, tariff-fostered infants did to Uncle Sam, quietly and a plenty, as is now shown in the government's suit against the United States Steel Corporation. And they've got high-class evidence to prove that they did it perfectly legitimately.

When, in the early nineties, those steel sharps wanted to form a pool to fix prices, regulate output and divide profits—that is, to commit robbery in a gentlemanly fashion—they consulted an eminent lawyer as to how far they could go and avoid jail. They were afraid of the Sherman anti-trust legislation, particularly. So they consulted United States Senator Geo. F. Hoar of Massachusetts. In the Senate Hoar had helped John Sherman frame and pass that anti-trust law and he was attorney for one of the steel concerns over at Worcester, Mass.

They took their thieves' plans to the right man. Hoar gave them a written opinion to the effect that they could not be convicted under that law. Thereupon, with their legal and moral bill of health, from nice old Mr. Hoar, from whose untimely passing to a fairer and better world Massachusetts has hardly yet fully recovered, they formed their pool under which they have been skinning the people for nearly 20 years. The frankness and complaisance of Messrs. Gary, Corey and others upon the witness stand are explained. They had in their possession the indorsement of their purity by the man who largely made the law. Uncle Sam had just what we started out by saying they gave him.

John Sherman died with paresis and other ailments not very long after that anti-trust law was enacted. His fellow creator of that law, Hoar, lived long enough to inspire the schemers whom it was intended to reach, with confidence that it was worthless. There was a lovely pair of patriotic twins for us common, plucked folks to honor, revere and lament, wasn't there?

## A STORY 'BOUT TEA.

"Ah me!" once cried an old Norman peasant, "my coffee—after the sweet Jesus—is my salvation!" Tea plays the same part in England. I believe it was Max O'Rell who wrote "It is when John Bull drinks his tea very hot in tiny sips, nibbling a bit of bread and butter that he is really beautiful and edifying."

Tea was drunk in China away back in 618, but it was not until 1600 that the English first began to use it and then the price ranged from thirty to fifty dollars a pound. That old humbug Pepys was one of the first to sample the new drink and frequently quotes in his diary that "on the 25th September 1660 I did send for a cup of tea, a China drink, of which I never had drunk before."

As the 18th century progressed, the use of tea in England rapidly increased and in 1836 the first British grown tea was raised in Assam, and forty years later the disastrous effects of the coffee-leaf disease forced planters to give serious attention to tea in Ceylon, with the result that tea now takes first rank in the commerce of the island. Tea drinking seems to be becoming more popular in America every year, and the U. S. is now the third largest consumer of this product, the United Kingdom being first and Russia second.

And every once in so often, just when we are at peace with the world, an alleged clue to the Logue murder breezes in and makes trouble.